









vividly describe, a pleasant, even ecstatic state of affairs, as that exceedingly silly one: "All is lovely, and the goose hangs high." Why not as well say a person is "unreliable", as that "he won't do to tie to?" What hidden, fathomless depths of meaning, lurk in those two monosyllables, in such frequent use, as an answer to civil questions: "Yor BET?" What is there so much better in the new slang word "*nobby*," than in the old words, pretty and stylish?

Many young ladies think to add piquancy and brilliancy to their discourse, by the use of slang phrases, and most girls are guilty of wild exaggerations of language, which though not so coarse as slang, are still bad enough.

Who of you, young ladies and misses, does not every day of her life get "tired almost to death", she "shall die sure," or really is "just about dead?" Who of you when slightly cold is not "freezing to death," or if somewhat warm, is not burning up?" Who does not constantly characterize the most common objects as perfectly splendid, absolutely horrid, or truly awful! Who does not, when expressing her likings and dislikings, her wonders and surprises, indulge occasionally in such an expletive as, "Oh my!", "Goodness!", "Gracious!", "Sakes alive!", "(O Lordy!", "Jernsh!", "Jemimal!", "Jerusalem!"

Young ladies addicted to the use of slang phrases, and to those wild extravagancies of language, are usually loud talkers. Their habits make American girls the objects of much criticism in Europe, now that so many of our country women are traveling there. The Europeans say, that the Yankee girls are very charming until they

open their mouths; then, the charm straightway vanishes.

These bold, loud, boisterous young women, are beings pleasing neither to gods nor men, and when, for such manners, they barter the sweet simplicity, and winning modesty, which is the true birth-right of young maidenhood, they make a poor exchange indeed.

No one likes a stiff, prudish, old womanish, young girl. We counsel you to be no such *lusus nature* as this. Youth is the time for innocent mirth, and happiness without alloy. Then, the present is free from care, and the future lies stretched before us, like some enchanted land. In that beautiful season, when age has not chilled the joyous flow of youthful blood, when sorrow and disappointment have left no trace upon heart and brow, let us seek to enjoy every guileless pleasure offered us, imitating in this respect, all the youthful beings of God's creation.

*"Joye, content, amour, Perseus,*

*Tout le leur, ayez l'honneur."*

says Victor Hugo, in some beautiful lines written to a young girl.

"Rejoice O, young man in thy youth," says King Solomon, and, surely, youth is a time for rejoicing. But such are the artificial modes of dress and manner now prevalent in the world, that few young girls enjoy life as they should. The more time they pass out of doors, drinking in health, strength and beauty from God's pure air and life-giving sunshine, so much the better. Any sensible person would rather see a young girl the veriest romp and lay-lan on earth, than one of those sickly, hot-house flowers of society. How much more charming is a young lady of natural manners, and in some simple dress which will give full play to the beauties

than one of these silly devotees of fashion, tricked out in the last devices of French mantua-making and millinery! It was out of doors, that Harriet Hosmer acquired her vigorous health. It was from nature, that she learned her art.

We yield to none in our admiration of tasteful and becoming attire, but, an excess of ornament, out of place on any one, is particularly so in the dress of young girls. Costly jewelry and expensive fabrics are not for the young. The French, who make dress a study, recognize this fact, and the young girls of France are the most simply and yet most tastefully dressed of any in the world. Neatness is the first requisite in a young lady's dress.

That the dress be suitable and becoming to its wearer, is the next. Let unity in style and harmony of color be preserved throughout. The French accuse the American ladies of making themselves walking rainbows. We have seen young ladies invest so much in a bonnet, that they could not afford anything suitable to wear with it, and, with a fine dress, we have often seen an incongruous bonnet, shabby gloves and shoes. There is no necessity for young girls wearing expensive clothes. Light, tasteful, inexpensive fabrics are prettier and more suitable; but, whatever they wear, let a due harmony and fitness of things be preserved. A critical observer will suggest rather whether a young lady's hair is nicely arranged, the teeth and nails properly attended to, the collar, cuffs, handkerchief &c., scrupulously clean. Without strict attention to such details as these, no amount of money, can make a lady well dressed.

Self-consciousness, is a great



fault in the manners of many young ladies, and nothing so much conduces to awkwardness and restraint. To wear fine clothes and not seem to be aware of it, to walk the streets, or appear in any assembly without a haunting idea that every eye is upon them, are arts to which very few attain. Hence, come nervous twitching of the fingers, momentary positions of the hands and feet, tossing of the head, momentary positions of the body, and many sayings to and fro. Hold up your heads, girls, and keep at it, even if it be martyrdom for you to do so. All that is required of you is to live to yourself at the idea that every body is looking at you, to enter so heartily into what is going on around you as to grow self-complacent, meditative and occupied manners, pass without ceremony. Bashfulness of manner, is by no means so great a fault as boldness; the one may pain, but the other is sure to disgust all refined people.

That very fashionable habit of *clanking* you is so much in vogue among school-girls, that it must not be passed by in silence. It is a habit exceedingly offensive to refined tastes, and we would say to girls, if you must wear gaiters, be sure not to do so in public. We have seen young ladies who made considerable pretensions to good breeding, clank gaiters on the street, at parties, on school and camp occasions!

The frequent presence of walking-spectacles on the street, is, when, according with propriety, with no pretence of the habit of lady, will be galling of such a thing. When we refuse to wear them, and respectable persons, however, be on the same

not belong to our "set," it shows that we are members of that set only on sufferance, and, are in constant fear lest by some word or act, we may forfeit that position it has cost us so much pains to win. People of assured position in the world, have no such fears. If you can assert your consequence or superiority in no better way than this, we pity you. A subtle, male or female, is weak, narrow-minded, cowardly and despicable."

After all that can be said upon this subject, the basis of good manners is kindness of heart. It is a forgetfulness of self; a regard for the comfort and happiness of others. No true lady or gentleman, will intentionally wound the feelings of any one. Without genuine kindness and purity of heart, all the outside graces of manner are of little worth.

Good manners must pervade the whole life. They are not like our best garments, to be put on for special occasions; or, like our French china, to be kept only for company. One set of manners for those we consider socially our equals; another for those we choose to deem our inferiors, will never do. Duty, as well as policy, forbids this. In a country like ours, where the humblest may rise to the highest stations, and the highest may sink to the low, it is hardly wise to turn around the good and rich, once or twice, and treat the lowly ones with supercilious contempt. To suppose, the ladies say, be turned.

Five years ago, I knew a very worthy lady who was snubbed and usually ignored by the wealthy, for magnanimity of the little city where she resided. This was for

did not permit her to dress fashionably, and live in style. That lady was and is the wife of Ulysses S. Grant, and it is really amusing to witness the frantic attempts of those who most slighted her *then*, to gain her favor now.

Christ, our great exemplar, in his Golden Rule has laid down the best possible precept for good manners.

If we search carefully the sacred volume, we shall see that it is full of rules for our guidance in this respect.

Hear what the greatest of the apostles says in the twelfth chapter of the book of Romans.

"Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectionate one to another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Repentance to no man evil for evil. As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all."

CLARA V. SHAW.

Minneapolis, Minn.

## CLOUDS.

How varied in form and appearance are those visible masses of vapor suspended between heaven and earth; and how restless they are, seeming to have an idea that they do not appear to the best possible advantage, hence, are continually changing their position from one side of the heavens to the other.

Look at Cirrus, sometimes called wool-cloud, and by sailors Cat-tail, (not a very enviable name you think,) the determining not to be excelled by her neighbors, goes higher and higher until she occupies a position in the atmosphere not attainable by any other competitor of the Cloud family.





thoughts of that sad hour, she was startled by a rustling of the leaves, and, suddenly, Casimiah stood before her. He was a brave and noble-looking man, with a beard and mustache, and a pair of eyes that looked like fire. He was a brave and noble-looking man, with a beard and mustache, and a pair of eyes that looked like fire. He was a brave and noble-looking man, with a beard and mustache, and a pair of eyes that looked like fire.

It is not strange that the heart of the young warrior's heart was given to her, as with childlike trust and glowing eyes, he would recognize her, and then, when she had already learned to love.

An arrow came whizzing through the air, but had fallen at the feet of Winona. It was followed by the arrow of Young Eagle, who, with a look of triumph, sprang to the front of the party. A third arrow came, and it was followed by the arrow of Young Eagle, who, with a look of triumph, sprang to the front of the party.

Winona, with a look of triumph, sprang to the front of the party.

They were surrounded by a great many of the warriors of the tribe, and they were all looking at the young warrior with a look of triumph. They were surrounded by a great many of the warriors of the tribe, and they were all looking at the young warrior with a look of triumph.

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which is one of the best pieces that Mr. Johnson has ever produced.

The "Fringed Gentian," after Newman, is one of those fearfully and wonderfully elaborate and truthful representations of vegetable life, in which the pre-Raphaelite school of artists of New York and elsewhere, seem to delight. It is in water colors. It looks as if it had been drawn with the aid of a microscope—the most Lilliputian details are so exactly reproduced. It is one of the most difficult subjects to chromo, and we shall take an interest in examining the result.

Among the fruit pieces in press, judging from the original, we prefer the "Cherries" and "Strawberries," of Miss Granberry, which are certainly admirably rendered, with a fidelity to nature. Mr. Fuller's pieces are highly finished, and harmonious in color, but it strikes us that the subjects are less likely to be universally popular.

The "Friends," by Girard,—we forgot to name it in our list,—is the picture of a little girl who is putting a New Foundland dog. Girard has an excellent faculty for the conception and execution of this class of subjects, and this is one of his happiest efforts. It will charm the children everywhere. In an entirely different style, but of the same character, are the companion pictures by J. G. Brown, of New York. This young artist excels in genre pictures; he renders children with a rare ability; especially where there is a single figure at rest, but in an attitude expressive of mental action. These subjects—the "May Queen" and the "Little Rogue"—are just suited to his peculiar genius. The "May Queen" is a little girl in the woods, brilliantly attired, self-adorned with wild flowers, bathed in sunlight, her eyes beaming with delight at the thought of surprising her friends by her new and gay dressings. The "Little Rogue" is the picture of a boy, four or five years old, who is trying to hide himself from somebody's coming—which somebody he is evidently intending to startle. He is crouching under a stone bench, which he is peering over his head. This gives the artist an opportunity for a brilliant piece of coloring. It is a sunny, and the dawning sun shines through the misty atmosphere, brightening the gay hues of the woman's dress and warming up the surroundings of the figure, which are rather cold and low in tone. The two pictures contrast beautifully; the clear, bright sunny glow of

spring—in the "May Queen"—being harmoniously offset against the dreamy, misty, autumnal vapors of the "Little Rogue." Mr. Brown regards these pictures as his masterpieces.

"Easter Morning," by Mrs. Hart, is a massive marble cross, hung around with fuchsias, pansies, yellow roses, and other exquisitely tinted flowers. It is a combination entirely novel, peculiar and lovely. We have seldom seen an effect so original produced by a combination of such simple and familiar elements. There is an affluence of quiet beauty in the wreath that is essentially harmonious with Easter and its sacred memories. It is altogether charming. If there is a single flaw in it we have failed to detect it. As far as the chromo has gone it bids fair to rival the original; but we reserve our judgment upon it until it is completed, we know only that it is at all comparable to the exquisite painting, it will soon be one of the most common ornaments of our parlors, vestries, Sunday Schools and libraries.

The last painting on our list was handed in as we were taking notes of the new publications. It is a small reproduction of "The Crown of New England"—a painting which, both in England and America has secured for Mr. George L. Brown some of the highest encomiums from artists and art critics, which American productions have ever obtained. Glowing, practically truthful, full of brilliancy and light and beauty. It represents the White Mountains when they are seen to the best advantage—when, as the portrait painters say, they are in their "happiest moments"—transfigured under the early morning sun, least of a late October day. The original on a large scale is on exhibition at the Art Gallery of Elliot & Co., where it has been visited and admired by thousands of our wealthiest and best educated citizens. If this beautiful creation, now lying on canvas, can be reproduced in far smaller, it will mark an epoch in the art, for the vapors and mists that enshroud the mountain sides, the subtle gradations of light and shade, and the marvelous blending of colors and tints render it extremely difficult to imitate or duplicate.

It is gratifying to know that the popular demand for pictures is all

tic excellence. Every touch of nature, whether on canvas or in chromo, is instantly recognized and applauded. The best things sell best; no reputation avails against the fact as it is. "Ruggles's gems" have not paid expenses; whereas Tait's groups go off with amazing rapidity. Of Britcher's pictures, on the other hand, "The White Mountains" and "Esopus Creek" and "Sawyer's Pond" (a little gem) and one or two others have a steady and rapid sale, while some others do not move off at all. The people have a truer taste than they generally have been credited with in the critical doomsday book. It is a faith in this instinctive taste that has borne Mr. Prang on to the rare good fortune that has rewarded his efforts.

### Thoroughness.

Is it true, that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well? What shall we say of small matters?—admissible trifles?—the tying of a knot?—the arranging of one's dress?—the shaping of a sentence that accomplishes its purpose by being uttered? What is it to do such things well?

Must a glass bead, in order to be well made, be accurately cut and polished? Must wood cuts give place to steel engravings? Are not some things done well by being done cheaply, slightly? Ah, then the maxim must mean that such things should be done slightly. Only let them have their own excellence, being so done as best to accomplish their end, at an expense not beyond their value.

The making of toys for children requires no small expenditure of money, of time, of skill. Is the value produced, worth the expenditure? If it were not so esteemed, who would be willing to continue the making?—Yet the wheelbarrow well made for use on the bricks and in the sand will still differ from the wheelbarrow well made for the play room and the carpeted floor. The toy well made for the two years' old, will differ from the toy well made for the seven years' old, or for the fashion-worshipper of still more advanced years.

Education, too, has its toys, its trifles. Are educational toys worth the making? If so, let them be made well. Let them not cost too much; too much of time; of life. Let not





ny. It is called Life. There are adders in the grass: pitfalls under the flowers, and the ground is cracked and slippery. Thousands and tens of thousands are making across it. Many are faint and weary; they stumble often and fall, yet move on, according to the law of the River of Life, toward the dark and silent River of Death. Midway in the water stands a giant fisher: none call him Destiny. In his hand he holds many lines. I follow them with my eye and notice each line to one among the multitude. This is the reason why they rest not in their way. He draws the mystic line along, till many, from weariness, are eager to plunge into the stream. Some emerge on the opposite bank, a calm and peaceful shore. A few rise like the murmuring of joy, now break into rapturous strains of melody. 'Tis the prayer of the redeemed in the bright and heavenly land of rest. No spirit tried and afflicted here, will find a rest prepared for them from the foundation of the world. 'Tis God in the greatness of His love, that has prepared this rest.

We may talk of Him, and dwell on His attributes, and yet we know nothing of Him, save that He is the Eternal, the Infinite, uncreated one in three, essential three in one, great in mystery. "rest Ending out."

### An Adventure

Night was falling fast, and before I was aware that I had wandered so far away from my home, the stars were shining, and all was dark and silent.

"Where am I?" I said. "I was not aware that I had wandered so far," I heard the words repeated—

Was any person in that vast forest but myself? I spoke again: "Is any one making me?" and again I heard my own words repeated. I shuddered with fear as I turned to see who was there; but all was silent. An awful silence reigned. I sat down, deciding to stay there till morning, when I could find my way back to the village. No sound broke the stillness, save the rustle of a falling leaf, or the chirp of some bird hidden for its mate. The glow of sleep soon veiled his shadowy mantle over me, and yielding to his influence, I gathered a bed of dry leaves, and was soon fast asleep.

I was awakened by a shriek that chilled my blood. I listened, and again I heard the same strange wailing. Oh! how terribly it rang through the stillness of the night! What was it? The war-whoop of the Indians, or the wail of some human being in pain? I was drawn toward it, but what it was, if it lay in my power to see, among the shadows in the darkness, I could not tell.

I had gone but a short distance, when I reached a stream. At the bottom there lay a house, no its entrance it looked like a vein of glowing silver in its native bed. On the opposite side were rocks, piled high and dark, covered with weeds and vines, but the look on which I stood, sloped gradually to the water's edge. I sat down and listened intently, but my eyes were not much opened, save the light, about entrance of the water as it rippled over the stones farther down the stream. I found that a fire had fallen from the opposite side, and on long, broken branches, bent forward, all day looked the same as when I sat.

As I was trying to think about that still, wondrous sound which I had heard, suddenly I was filled

with new terror, occasioned by the remembrance of a story told me, of a cave, in those high dark rocks, where a band of robbers had made their home. Who knew but that the party had just returned, and the cry that still chilled my blood, was their wild burst of revelry?

Nerved with strange impulse, I arose from the stump on which I sat, and with cautious steps proceeded toward the fallen tree. As I stepped upon it, my heart sank within me, at the thought of going headlong into a den of robbers; but, "I will not be such a coward," I said; and, with trembling step, proceeded. I reached the rocks in safety; then cautiously pushing the bushes aside, saw, to my horror, the cave. My first impulse was to retreat my steps; but, on second thought, I determined to enter. I had taken but one step inside the horrible cavern, when again I heard that shriek.

My heart now throbbled with terror; but I have never told the adventure of that long-to-be-remembered night.

You have already guessed, no doubt, that my first light was communicated by the echo of my own voice;—but the sound! Can you notice yourself to hear the shock, when I told you it was the shrill whistle of the engine as it crossed the bridge at the village?

### "Number One."

Some people speak of railroads, and in fact, everything pertaining to Number One, in such a matter-of-fact tone, and as if it were a thing of course, that one should find as if all of the great American history, had been written, on the whole catalogue of details and commercial every time the thoughts are allowed to

But are they not mistaken? Does not the most harm result from the opposite course?

Let us consider. Is not the cause of gossip and slander traceable to Dame Rumor's forgetfulness of self, and great interest in her neighbor's affairs? Certainly. Who can doubt, then, that we ought to take much interest in ourselves, and but little in others?

On the whole, *I* think you will always find it best to look out for Number One. Don't worry about other people's business; for, if you give to your own, the attention it requires, you will find your time fully occupied. You are, of course, expected to take such measures as are for your own good, regardless of your neighbor's gain or loss; so, if your butcher, baker, or wood-chopper, chance to bring in their bills before you are ready, pray don't worry, but take your time about answering their demands.

Always put down your name for five dollars, more or less, when a subscription paper for the minister's benefit, is handed you. Of course, you will pay it, if it is convenient to do so; if not, just send around a squash or cabbage-head; vegetables are scarce, now-a-days, and the minister would, no doubt, be glad to get either. If it don't prove to be extra good, no matter, he can give it to the cow, —she'll eat it.

Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners are generally expensive; endeavor, on such occasions, to secure an invitation out. You'll find it quite a saving to yourself.

If you wish to attend a ball, and your wife has a headache, and can't accompany you, pray, don't let so slight a circumstance deprive you of so much pleasure; go, by all means. So much the better,

in fact, for then there will be no danger of being lectured for flirting with pretty Mrs. Jones. That lady may get berated by her lord and master, on your account, but then *that* is of no consequence to *you*. But remember to tell your wife, you are going to the club. — Better for her to be jealous of the club, than of Mrs. Jones.

Do as you please generally, and never fall into the meek habit of consulting the wishes of any person. If the meek portion of mankind are willing to say little *I*, and big *YOU*, let them; but for *you*, take care of Number One.

### Something about a Chair.

Now do not anticipate that I am going to tell you about one which my great, great grandfather presented to my grand mother on her wedding day, and which has since been kept in the family as an heirloom; and, how, one rainy afternoon last summer, having nothing better to do, I went up into the garret, and chanced to discover it, all covered with dust and cobwebs; then, rushing hastily down stairs, frantically implored some one to tell me its history, which, of course, to be in keeping with the rest, should be a very romantic love story.

Oh, no, I can assure you, if there had been such a large piece of furniture in *our* garret, I should have found it out, and known its history *long* before last summer.

Instead, I have only to tell you of a little high chair.

Five years ago, I had a dear baby brother, named Charley. Of course, in our partial eyes, he was just the cutest, cunningest darling that ever lived; and no sooner was he able to sit alone than father was petitioned to buy for him a high chair. Accordingly, one evening, on going to the supper table what was our surprise and delight, to find one placed for him — painted black, with green roses in the back seat, and foot-board.

We, children, thought it a wonderful piece of furniture, by far exceeding in beauty, any other article in the house. How joyous we were when Charlie was able to sit alone in it at the table for the first time!

After a while, of course, it became an old story with all but its owner. When our pet had once learned that it was his own especial property he grew very selfish about it. No sooner was a baby brought into the house, than Charlie would run, climb into his high chair, to make sure of its not being occupied by the young visitor. If, by chance, any one did sit down in it, baby's fingers pulled at him and baby's language informed him that "Charlie wanted his chair."

Another baby occupies it now, but, on the foot-board, some of the green roses are obliterated by the marks of Charlie's restless feet.

The green sod has long since bid him from our view; but the little, high chair still seems like a sacred, never to be forgotten memorial of the departed one.

Wonder—When a young man is clerk in a warehouse or bank; smokes fine cigars; drinks nice brandy; attends theatres, balls, and dresses like a prince; does he do it all upon the income of a clerk?

Wonder—When a young lady sits in the parlor all day, with her lily-white fingers covered with rings, singing, "Who will care for Mother now," is not her mother in the kitchen, doing the scrubbing and general work?

Wonder—When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, does it not make her miserable, and shorten her life some dozen years or so?

Wonder—When a young man is dependent upon his labor for his income, and marries a fine lady, who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, is he endowed with the usual amount of common sense?

Wonder—Does it always happen by accident that some people leave their pocket-books at home, when they go to church or a missionary meeting?



## THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS:  
FEBRUARY, 1869.

Editorial Committee for the February  
Number of "The Oread."

—o—  
Miss MEDORA LAMBERTSON,  
" ALICE BRIGGS,  
" MARY BAGG.  
—o—

Address all Communications to Financial  
Manager of The Oread.

## ONWARD AND UPWARD.

"Onward and upward" we have taken for our motto; and there is at present no reason to fear that our path will ever lead us in another direction. Everything wears an encouraging look. Our former patrons again extend to us a helping hand, and many new ones give us the friendly welcome which we seek.

Numerous and valuable exchanges have already been received, forming a choice collection for the "Student's Reading Room." The interest in our Society seems constantly increasing. At our last meeting the music and essays were highly entertaining, and the topic for the evening's conversation discussed with animation. Each meeting of the Society seems an improvement on the last.

With so much to encourage us, we hope and expect to be able to say the same of each issue of The Oread. Our patrons cannot fail to notice the improvement of our present issue upon the last. The new "Head," better quality of paper, and increased size, all combine to give it a neater and more attractive appearance, and enhance its value.

## ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

The subscription price of "Arthur's Home Magazine" is \$2 per year. We will furnish it, together with "The Oread," to new subscribers, for \$2.50 per year.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

We are truly grateful to our "brethren of the press" for their cheerful and liberal response to our "Please X." Our Reading Room is becoming a truly attractive feature. While we feast upon the good things thus furnished us, be assured we shall not forget our obligations to you. Every periodical of real merit will assuredly advertise itself successfully in a public Reading Room of this kind. While we shall cheerfully remember you to the public through the OREAD, you may have the satisfaction of knowing you are helping the cause of education and at the same time making many friends you would not otherwise reach, who will be zealous workers for you, when they leave this place and are widely scattered over this, and adjoining States.

## MANUAL LABOR FOR STUDENTS.

A valuable feature in the MOUNT CARROLL SEMINARY is the opportunity here offered a limited number of students to pay a portion of their expenses by labor. To those needing pecuniary aid, this is indeed a privilege. The time for labor is so arranged that it shall not interfere with study or recitation hours. They keep an account of the time employed and are paid by the hour therefor, the price varying with the kind of labor and faithfulness of the laborer. Students wishing to secure an opportunity of this kind must apply some time in advance, or prior to their entering, as there are so many candidates for the places, all cannot be accommodated at once. From four to six young men are received into the family under the same provision and allowed the privileges of the school. Worthy young men wishing to educate themselves, may well regard this as a choice oppor-

tunity. None but steady, industrious, faithful ones, bearing unquestionable testimonials, will be received. For further particulars address the Principals.

## SERENADE.

The serenaders are taking advantage of the pleasant weather and lovely moonlight evenings. We were recently awakened from our slumbers by the sound of music which impressed us with the belief that, in our dreams, we had wandered into fairy land, and were listening to the revelry of the invisible elves. We would express our thanks for the musical treat.

## "SANTA CLAUS."

In the notice concerning Santa Clans' generosity to various members of our household, no mention was made of the valuable and highly appreciated gifts presented to Miss McDaniels by her Music Class.

Santa Clans will please accept our apology for the omission.

## WORDS OF CHEER.

We give below a letter from an old student, S. F. Aspinwall. He is now established in the practice of Law in the City of Freeport. Being also engaged in an extensive land business, in company with Mr. Taylor, they started the "Freeport News," as a medium for advertising their own business. Eminent success seems to attend these gentlemen, both as Attorneys, and as Editors and Publishers.

It is truly gratifying to know that the old students recall their stay here with so much pleasure and that their interest continues unabated, as evinced by the cordial, heart warm greeting to "The Oread," and cheerful response to the "Please X." We say it is cheering to us, young aspirants after

Editorial honors; it is also doubly cheering to the Principals to know that those for whom they have labored as teachers, are now occupying honorable and influential positions, and that amid the "busy cares of life", and the responsibilities of mature years, they still cherish the recollection of their *Alma-Mater*—that a greeting from her halls can give a "heart cheer" to the soldier on the "tented field" and to the business man engaged in the "warfare of life." Many such a "heart cheer" may it be the mission of "The Oread" to give to other of the old students, as they welcome it to their homes.

Collection and Law Office of  
Taylor & Aspinwall,  
Freeport Ill., January 30th 1869.

Mrs. F. A. W. SHIMMER—

Dear Madam: This morning we received the initial number of *The Oread* marked for an exchange. Certainly, most gladly will we exchange! It brings up memories of the past—the old love for those days which are ever green in our hearts. We remember when in old Virginia battling for the Union, our heart was cheered by receiving from a friend a number of the *Seminary Bell*; and this morning another heart cheer has been ours. We extend to the *Oread* our hearty congratulations and with them wishes of success—that success which knows no waning. We shall look with eagerness for its monthly greeting and read with interest all contributions therein;—will remember our first efforts as a writer and afterward as Editor, and of the many reminders of our success in striving to give our readers those articles of interest and benefit, it was our lot to pen weekly. Thinking of this we shall look upon the efforts of your pupils as but the beginning of a brilliant and meritorious career in the busy scenes of life.

May the future of the *Oread* be as prosperous as the success of the Institution from which it emanates has been steady and fortunate.

Yours in the cause of  
intellectual advancement.  
S. F. ASPINWALL.

#### PERSONAL.

Individuals, who make teaching a life-work, find a large share of their reward in the consciousness of preparing the youth for future

usefulness. With parental solicitude, they follow the little boy and girl till they become physically, intellectually and morally, strong men and women, and as such, go out into the world to battle with life.

Our hearts are often cheered by tidings from those for whom we labored long years since. Some, who as pupils chafed under wholesome restraint, find, in after years, that those restraints were the means of developing their hidden powers, and of preparing them to combat, successfully, with life's stern realities.

Other instances come before us, who cheerfully complied with any regulation that had in view the general good. We, invariably, hear "good tidings" from this class.

A few weeks since an interesting letter was received from H. H. C. MILLER. After completing a course at the Seminary, he graduated at the Michigan University, and he is now Principal of a High School in Channahon, Will county. Although he is teaching Latin, German, and Higher Mathematics, we were truly gratified to learn from his letter that he does not look with indifference on those branches which lie at the very foundation of a scholastic education. He writes thus: "I found my pupils wholly unacquainted with Intellectual Arithmetic, and I formed two classes immediately, of which I take charge myself, as I consider it a very important study. When I look back on my course of study, I can point to no one text book that benefitted me more than the one named above. It is the key to all mathematical study;" and, he might have added, if properly taught the key to all other. He occupies a trying and laborious po-

sition, but his natural adaptability and dignity of character, will enable him to succeed, where many others would fail. Success to his efforts.

A letter from H. K. VICKROY informs us that he is engaged in his favorite employment—the care of Fruit and Ornamental trees. He is settled for life, doubtless, as at the close of his letter, he says, "Mrs. V. joins me in assurance of kind regard." His manly deportment and strict integrity, won our confidence when a pupil, and these same traits of character are, no doubt, the secret of his success in his business.

JUDSON CLARK, too, writes from his home in Iowa. His letter was full of interest. He seems to possess fine business talents, and if he is as gentlemanly and kind in his family as when a pupil with us, he has a happy home. From this letter, we learn of FRED. THORN. He, too, is settled in life and has a home in Minnesota.—More than ten years have gone since they were here as pupils; but this kind letter brings up many pleasant recollections.

A note from Miss MARTINDALE, with photograph enclosed, was very acceptable. She is teaching in Iowa and seems to enjoy it much. From other sources than her letter, we learn that she makes an admirable teacher and is very popular wherever she labors. We are exceedingly glad to hear of her prosperity.

We chanced to meet, a few days since, WILBUR H. KRIEHLER and his sister, EMMA. WILBUR spent one and a-half years at Normal, preparing for the duties of the schoolroom, and is teaching near his home in Elkhorn. We trust he will become eminent in the profession he has chosen.



Miss GERTIE LONDON's genial face, too, greeted us. It seems but yesterday that they were here as pupils; but months, even years have glided on since then. New faces have filled the vacant places, but our hearts cling as closely to those we loved and for whom we labored in the past.

We are always glad to hear from our old friends, and it is indeed gratifying to know that each is acting *so well* his part in life.

"On New Year's Eve at the residence of Mr. Snyder, in Prairieville, by Rev. W. A. Lipe, Mr. ARCHIBALD SHAW and Miss KATE HOLBROOK. The parties left immediately for their new home in Kansas. May every good, and no ill befall them."

We heartily echo the good wishes expressed for our friends. How easily mysteries are sometimes solved! How we all wondered why KATE did not return to the Seminary this year! She was a great favorite with all, and won our hearts by her forgetfulness of self in her efforts to make others happy. We remember what a charming visit we had at Prairieville last summer, just after "ARCHIE" returned from Kansas for a short visit at his father's. How blind we were that we did not see! We hope, however, that she will enjoy life in that land, unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness. But listen to a remark in a sprightly letter received to-day from her: "Never believe the fine tales told of Kansas weather, mild winters, &c. I have seen nothing but mild for three weeks until last night it froze, and the weather is as cold as a little Greenland ought to be." KATE, or rather Mrs. SLAW, writes from Olathe, Johnson county, Kansas.

Just as we go to press, WILLIE POLSGROVE calls to bid us "good-bye." He goes with his parents to Fort Scott, Kansas. We are sorry to part with WILLIE, but

hope he may make as many warm friends in his new home as he made while a pupil with us. He evidently does not wish to lose his interest in the Seminary, as he promptly paid for a copy of "The Oread."

#### TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

We are repeatedly placed under obligations to Publishers and Authors for new publications to examine, but till recently have not been so situated as to acknowledge the favor as we could wish. We now have an organ, "The Oread" through which we can not only express our appreciation of favors received, but also give to others the benefit of our examination of different works. Of this we shall avail ourselves, giving such notices as we deem them to merit. In this we shall act *conscientiously*, realizing as we do the responsibility of the position we occupy, not alone as publishers of a public journal, but as an Institution of Learning. Knowing as we do that our decision regarding the merit of any work will have far more weight with a large and influential class of readers, students and Teachers, who are, or have been connected with the Mount Carroll Seminary, than will like decisions from almost any other source.

It is our aim to use the *best* text books extant, and recommend the *best* and most select works for Libraries, (as students and teachers are often soliciting our advice in making their selections.) True we have our *course of study* arranged, and a fixed set of text books for the use of our school, yet we must keep pace with the "improvements of the day," hence we are ever open to conviction

*in error*, and when we are so convinced, we become convinced of the superior merit of any work, we are ready to give it the precedence in our recommendations, and as a reference book, at least, in our Library, till a change in class use may be consistently made.

Hence we solicit the continuation of favors from Authors and Publishers, assuring them that every work of true merit received by us, will be so used as to result in a mutual benefit. Please place "The Oread" upon your list and remember us frequently.

Crowd of matter for this number of our paper will prevent our noticing all we could wish, but will make a beginning.

Lee and Shepard have just issued "The Philosophy of Domestic Life", by W. H. Ryford, M. D., of Chicago, Ill.

It would be well for us individually and socially, if the principles inculcated in this unassuming little volume, could be disseminated through our land. There would be fewer wayward children, fewer dissipated and ruined young men and women, fewer broken-hearted mothers and disappointed fathers; fewer crafty and dishonest business men, fewer unprincipled legislative, executive and judicial officers,—in short we should be revolutionized.

"The axe is laid at the root of the tree", at the underlying selfishness which sends its poisonous sap through the family into social life and then into the life of the nation.

Let this selfishness be supplanted by that love which Christianity teaches, and instead of the discord, jealousies, back-biting, the social, political and national frictions, we shall have, the happy family, the genial social circle, and the peaceful prosperous nation.

"Oh, that it might be so!" we say almost constantly, thinking of the millennium; and yet this is just what would be, were this "Philosophy" put in practice. To have a book published bearing so directly upon the subject and dealing so candidly with it in all its points, is certainly, a good step forward.

To enumerate its excellencies is unnecessary. All who read it will find what they are.

Let the self-grown husband read the chapter on "Ethics of Married Life", and unless he is completely petrified by a selfish heart and false words will be

softened towards one who with meek endurance has borne, or with proud rebellion protested against his child harshness of manner. He will think twice before he says, "You'd better keep still. What do you know about business?" or makes any other of those remarks which once fell so readily from his manly lips.

Let the over-indulged, the passionate, and the neglectful parent read the chapter on "Family Government." Though it may be too late for the evil results of previous wrong training to be wholly eradicated, yet something may be done in that direction, and there is hope for the future.

The Author's views on the subject of education commend themselves not only to the parent but to the teacher; particularly with reference to the cultivation of all the powers and faculties, instead of confining the work to the intellectual nature, leaving the moral and physical natures to run to waste. Fortunately for the youth some of our educators see the importance of pursuing this plan, and provide means for physical culture, not only by way of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, but in encouraging and requiring genuine labor; while they adopt such modes of government as discipline the moral powers.

As in everything else, the West is not behind in this reform; and we look forward to the time when strong, active, self-reliant, warm-hearted men and women, shall "rise up and call those blessed" who aided them in attaining so healthful a physical, mental and moral condition.

At just one point we must demur; viz, where the author suggests the propriety of a woman's making known her choice in regard to a husband.

It may be said that prejudice alone makes such a course appear indelicate, but if so, it is a prejudice too deeply rooted in womanly nature to be uprooted by reasoning. This is one of the things for which "providence provides" and which every woman prefers to leave to its care.

However this may be; the book is destined to a great work,—silently, perhaps slowly, but surely. It is *truth*, therefore must prevail.

#### **SUPPLEMENT TO THE JOURNAL OF MATERIA MEDICA.**

Published by Tilden & Co., New Lebanon, N. Y.—This book gives a brief, but comprehensive summary of medicinal preparations; with a statement of the use of each article, the dose, contra-indications, incompatibles, and antidotes. It contains, also, several valuable miscellaneous tables: as, first, A

"Table Exhibiting the Number of Drops of Different Liquids Equivalent to a Fluid Dram; secondly, a Table Exhibiting the Composition of the Principal Natural Mineral Waters of Europe and the United States;" thirdly, A "Table of Dietetic Preparations," &c.

Though the JOURNAL OF MATERIA MEDICA and this SUPPLEMENT are principally designed for physicians and apothecaries they would be no less useful to the wife, sister, mother and nurse, to whom we would especially commend the third table. The health and pleasure seekers at Saratoga and elsewhere would do well to study the second table, which would enable them to drink of the various mineral waters with more intelligent reference to the actual needs of the system.

Tilden & Company have also published a Physician's Diary; convenient in form, neatly and durably bound; and containing the Medicinal Preparations of Tilden & Co., with doses, formulæ for reducing their Fluid Extracts to Tinctures, Syrups, &c.; Tables of Incompatibles, and Poisons and their Antidotes; Marshall Hall's Method in Asphyxia, Thermometry in Diseases, &c.,—giving in a small space much valuable information, aside from its various records, visiting list, diary, and memoranda.

It is altogether the most convenient, comprehensive, and complete of anything of its kind which has come under our observation, and no time-saving, order-loving physician should be without it.

#### **PAINTINGS.**

What rare pleasure we receive from the choice engravings and fine chromos of the present day, through which we become acquainted with the best art-talent in the world,

—an acquaintance from which we should be, to a great extent, debarred, were it not for these wonderful duplicates of the great originals!

In the first place there is great pleasure in sitting down at our leisure and looking at the pictures uncritically—looking to be pleased, to have our sense of the beautiful indulged while we drink in their spirit, whether that spirit be the ludicrous, the pathetic, or the humorous; whether the pictures represent nature in its beautiful aspects, or in some homely phase of life; whether they represent the awful in nature, or the terrible in human passions; the sublime in human sacrifice, or the wonderful sublimity of the Divine sacrifice combined with the sweetness, the humility, the pathos, the fearful agony as seen in "Ecce Homo."

Again, there is pleasure in testing these works by the rules of criticism and comparing them with nature, not forgetting to be lenient in our judgment.

These thoughts occur to me as I look over some fine chromos, just received from Prang's, which are a fine addition to the Art Department of our school.

Here is "Morning" after Rosa Bonheur. What a pretty, dewy bit this is! The sun has not yet appeared above the mountains, but its rays are tinting their summits while their slopes are still in the cool gray of the early morning. In the middle distance, are cattle leisurely making their way toward others in the foreground which are just aroused from their fresh, moist beds, and are looking instinctively for the first appearance of the sun, as if to reassure themselves of the dawn of day. The sun spreads a warm, broad light over the pasture and cattle—a light prophetic of a sultry midsummer's day. One al-



most wishes a tree had been thrown in as a refuge for them. However, there is a rapid brook near by suggestive of refreshment.

"Evening," by the same gifted hand, is here with its sky of mingled tints of cadmium, vermilion, and chrom softly blending into the blue gray tints. The shades have already fallen upon the distant mountains at the left. At the right, a resplendent sunset illumines a rich pasture which is depicted with pre-Raphaelite precision.—Here the cattle are composing themselves to rest in harmony with the repose of nature. Some are lying down with eyes half closed sleepily chewing their cud; others, standing, are crushing the tall grass beneath their feet. The cattle in both pictures are remarkably fine, noble looking creatures, and the artist has so seized the life lines that each seems a living creature. In these pictures the laws of principality and continuity are used so skillfully as to seem a part of nature rather than art. Knowing less of this gifted artist, Rosa Bonheur, who, with talent, has combined toil, study, and self-sacrifice to gain such a master hand, I might venture to criticise her works. As it is I can only admire the fairy touch which gives to the toil worn occupant of the dusty city glimpses of refreshing nature,—that genius which fills our shop windows on the busy street with meadows, brooks, mountains, trees, and accessory animal life.—How many weary souls, pausing a moment to admire, look through nature up to nature's God, the artist can never know; but He, from whom nothing is hidden, seeth all and will not permit such labor to go unrequited.

But I have lingered, already, with these favorites, so I lay them aside and find next "A Bouquet of Flowers." The first near inspec-

tion made them seem rather a flat show of color; but on viewing them at a distance, I find it was painted for effect, and as such is good.—They stand out in bold relief from the back ground which is so well executed that the eye seems to penetrate beyond it. The flowers are so tastefully arranged, exquisitely tinted, and delicately shaded, that it seems as if we need only inhale their perfume to complete the impression of reality, forgetting that the snow covers their place of repose.

Here is another—"A Friend in Need." It represents a pump and a water trough in a shady nook.—A thirsty little girl has her mouth at the spout ready for the drink. The "Friend in Need" is a little boy who has just grasped the handle. It is to be hoped that this little friend has a steady hand or the little head may be deluged, and the dress, too, get a sprinkling. A dog is lapping from the trough from which the water drips until it stands in pools beneath.

A "Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers" of Landseers, represents two squirrels sitting on the root of a tree industriously cracking nuts; while a robin sitting near entertains them with its song.

"Autumn Fruit," by Fulton,—a glass dish filled with grapes and peaches, and a marble table on which are seen a variety of other fruits. It is a very good study.

"The Frightened Ducklings" is a picture with a grave sky and tall weeds and grasses in the middle distance. The foreground has a pond with sloping banks. A small dog is leaping through the grass in pursuit of the ducklings. The dog is full of roguish animation seeming greatly to enjoy the terror of the little ducks which are tumbling over one another in their haste to reach the pond. One takes shelter under some leaves by the water and is

anxiously looking back at those in danger.

"The Awakening" is three little puppies just awaking and nestling about in their bed of straw. The mice are taking an early breakfast in the scattered straw, while over the group the morning light is breaking.

In conclusion, we are happy to say that, from time to time, other additions are to be made to this department of our Institution.

#### OUR READING ROOM.

We are under many obligations to old contributors to our Reading Room, and take an early opportunity to thank them for their continued liberality. It may not seem so *early* to our publishing brethren, who have faithfully forwarded us their "latest and best," for the past, one, two, five and some ten years. But we mean *early* in our history as "*Publishers*" of a public journal. We now have an organ, "THE OREAD," through which we can return our thanks and in a measure return the favors of which we have so long been the recipients. True, you have been well, and we believe *successfully*, advertised by your readers here, and widely so, as they have gone to their homes. No doubt, many subscriptions you have received from places remote from Mount Carroll Seminary, have been the result of acquaintance and attachment formed in our Reading Room. But from this time forward, we are not to be content with this method alone of returning favors received. We shall give a liberal space in each number of "THE OREAD" to the periodicals contributed so long and so liberally.

N. B.—The Proprietors of Periodicals who have been addressing, "Students' Reading Room," will hereafter do us a favor to address "THE OREAD," Mount Carroll Seminary, Carroll Co., Ill.

At the last moment before going to press, we receive a letter from St. Louis with LIBBIE LUNT's Wedding Cards enclosed. She will be remembered as a member of the Graduating Class of 1865.

Was she looking forward to this event in her life, when she says in her Poem, published on first page of this number of "THE OREAD,"

"Ah, when  
Shall we, as now, meet here again?  
Never!"

We can but congratulate Mr. W. A. HALL on his good fortune. Although a stranger to us, we are confident that he possesses the requisites for a good husband or he would never have won LIBBIE for a wife. Solomon says, "Her price is far above rubies." Mr. HALL is, doubtless, a firm believer in Scripture Truth.

A long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. HALL.

We hope the readers of "THE OREAD" will be favored with frequent contributions from her ready pen.

#### ONWARD.

The February number of this large magazine is received. Like its predecessor, its pages are mostly made up by contributions from Mayne Reid, consisting chiefly of attractive and well written tales of Western adventure. Reid is one of the best writers of this kind of fiction in our country. The Magazine is deserving, and will doubtless receive an extensive patronage. Single copy 30 cents. Yearly subscription, \$3. Address MAYNE REID, 33 Union Square, New York.

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4. Papers on Invention and Art: how statues are made, how telegraphs are worked, how a boy can make photographs, etc., etc.

5. Hurting in South Africa: Streets of Constantinople, American cities, New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, etc., etc.

6. Life on the Prairie. Port Crayon's Young Virginians.

7. Exquisite Fairy Pictures and Poems. Graceful tales by popular writers.

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[Companion Pictures.]  
Of the last pictures, George L. Brown, the celebrated American Artist, — [unrivalled as a colorist and painter of atmospheric effects.] says:—

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GEORGE L. BROWN.

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